

The Potter Journal

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

VOLUME XV.—NUMBER 2

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1863.

TERMS.—\$1.00 PER ANNUM

THE POTTER JOURNAL

Published by M. W. McAlaney, Proprietor.

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

* Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owing no guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

Advertisements inserted at the following rates, except where special bargains are made. 1 Square (10 lines) 1 insertion, \$1.00. 1 " " " " 2 " " " " .50. 1 " " " " 3 " " " " .33. Each subsequent insertion less than 13, 25. 1 Square three months, 4.00. 1 " " " " 6 " " " " 7.50. 1 " " " " 12 " " " " 12.00. 1 " " " " 24 " " " " 20.00. 1 " " " " 36 " " " " 24.00. 1 " " " " 48 " " " " 28.00. 1 " " " " 60 " " " " 30.00. 1 " " " " 72 " " " " 32.00. 1 " " " " 84 " " " " 34.00. 1 " " " " 96 " " " " 36.00. 1 " " " " 108 " " " " 38.00. 1 " " " " 120 " " " " 40.00. 1 " " " " 132 " " " " 42.00. 1 " " " " 144 " " " " 44.00. 1 " " " " 156 " " " " 46.00. 1 " " " " 168 " " " " 48.00. 1 " " " " 180 " " " " 50.00. 1 " " " " 192 " " " " 52.00. 1 " " " " 204 " " " " 54.00. 1 " " " " 216 " " " " 56.00. 1 " " " " 228 " " " " 58.00. 1 " " " " 240 " " " " 60.00. Administrator's or Executor's Notice, 2.00. Business Cards, 8 lines or less, per year 5.00. Special and Editorial Notices, per line, 10. * All transient advertisements must be paid in advance, and no notice will be taken of advertisements from a distance, unless they are accompanied by the money, or satisfactory reference. * Blanks, and Job Work of all kinds, attended to promptly and faithfully.

BUSINESS CARDS

EULALIA LODGE, No. 342, F. A. M. STATED Meetings on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Also Masonic gatherings on every Wednesday Evening, for work and practice, at their Hall in Coudersport, Pa. TIMOTHY IVES, W. M. SAMUEL HAYES, Secy.

JOHN S. MANN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and McKean Counties. All business entrusted in his care will receive prompt attention. Office corner of West and Third streets.

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted in his care, with promptness and fidelity. Office on South-west corner of Main and Fourth streets.

ISAAC BENSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office on Second st., near the Allegheny Bridge.

F. W. KNOX, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining Counties.

O. T. ELIISON, PRACTISING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq.

C. S. & E. A. JONES, DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.

D. E. OLMSTED, DEALER IN DRY GOODS, READY-MADE Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.

COLLINS SMITH, DEALER IN Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Queensware, Cutlery, and all Goods usually found in a Country Store.—Coudersport, Nov. 27, 1861.

M. W. MANN, DEALER IN BOOKS & STATIONERY, MAGAZINES and Music, N. W. corner of Main and Third sts., Coudersport, Pa.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL, D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa. A large Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel.

MARK GILLON, TAILOR—nearly opposite the Court House—will make all clothes entrusted to him in the latest and best styles—Prices to suit the times.—Give him a call. 13.41

ANDREW SANBERG & BROS., TANNERS AND CURRIERS.—Hides tanned on the premises, in the best manner. Tannery on the east side of Allegheny river. Coudersport, Potter county, Pa.—Jy 17, '61

S. D. KELLY OLMSTED & KELLY, DEALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON WARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court House, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice.

Ulysses Academy Bill retains as Principal, Mr. E. R. CAMPBELL, Preceptor, Mrs. Verena Jones Gundry; Assistant, Miss A. E. CARROLL. The expenses per Term are: Tuition, from \$5 to \$6; Board, from \$1.50 to \$1.75, per week; Rooms for self-boarding from \$2 to \$4. Each term commences upon Wednesday and continues Fourteen weeks. Fall term, Aug. 27th, 1862; Winter term, Dec. 10th, 1862; and Spring term, March 25th, 1863. O. R. BASSETT, President. W. W. GRIDLEY, Secy. Lewisville, July 9, 1862.

UNION HOTEL, COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PENN. A. S. ARMSTRONG HAVING refitted and newly furnished the house on Main street, recently occupied by R. Rice, is prepared to accommodate the traveling public in as good style as can be had in town. Nothing that can in any way increase the comforts of the guests will be neglected. Dec. 11, 1861

THE CUMBERLAND.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay, [war] On board, of the the Cumberland sloop-of-war. The alarm of drums swept past, Or a single blast From the camp on shore.

Then far away to the south arose A little feather of snow-white smoke, And we knew that the iron ship of our foes, Was steadily steering its course To try the force Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily rained, Silent and sullen, the floating fog; Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns, And leaps the terrible death, With fiery breath, From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight Defiance back in a full broadside! As hail rebounds from a roof of slate, Rebounds our heavier hail From each iron scale. Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries, In his arrogant, old plantation strain, "Never!" our gallant Morris replies: "It is better to sink than to yield!" And the whole air pealed With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black, She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp! Down went the Cumberland all a wreck, With a sudden shudder of death, And the cannon's breath For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay, Still fast on our flag at the mainmast-head, Lord, how beautiful was thy day! Every waft of the air Was a whisper of prayer, Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the sea, Ye are at peace in the troubled stream, Ho! brave land! with hearts like these, Thy flag, that is rent in twain, Shall be one again, And without a seam!

THE TWO COWARDS.

I was a coward? We were both cowards! So spake our old law-tutor, Moses Drake. And he thus continued: We had graduated from Harvard—Laban Adams and myself—and had commenced the practice of law. We were neither of us married, though we were both anticipating that event. We had a case in court—a case of trespass. Adams was for the plaintiff, and I for the defendant.

It was for a weak, foolish complaint, and Adams should not have taken it up. It was clearly a case of extortion. The plaintiff held a rod over the back of the defendant in the shape of a bit of knowledge concerning a private misstep of a former time; and the present complaint was only a seeming legal way in which that other power was to be used for the purpose of opening the poor man's purse. At the trial I exposed the trick and obtained a ruling out, by the court, a lot of scandal which Adams had planned to introduce as testimony. Of course I was severe, and as my opponent had entered upon a very bad case, my strictures cut home. I gained the verdict for my client, and people laughed at the foiled plaintiff, and spoke lightly of his lawyer.

Thus it commenced. Adams could not forgive me for the obituary I had caused him. He laid it up against me, and talked openly about being revenged. This was on the first of August. A month afterwards we met at a party where the gentlemen drank wine. Late in the evening Adams and I met, and a third person made some remark upon the old trial, whereupon a fourth person laughed and said that I had done a great thing. At this Adams flushed, and made an impudent reply. The reply was addressed to me, and I answered it. The two outsiders laughed at the hit I had made, and Adams said something more severe than before. I replied to him. He deliberately called me a liar.

I had been drinking wine, and my blood was heated. As that harsh, hard, cowardly word fell upon my ear, my passion overcame me. I struck Laban Adams in the face and knocked him back against the wall. It was a cowardly thing for me to strike him, there in that company; but I was too much excited to reflect. I expected that Adams would strike back, but he did not. I was stronger than he, though this may not have influenced him. His friends drew him away, and I went out into the open air. As soon as the cool breeze fanned my brow, and eased the heated blood away from my brain, I was sorry for what I had done; but it was too late to help the matter. I might have gone to Adams, and asked him to overlook the wrong I had done; but I had not the courage to do that.

On the following morning, a friend named Watkins called upon me and presented a note from Laban Adams. I opened it, and found it to be a challenge. I was requested to give satisfaction for the blow I had struck. If I was a gen-

tleman I would do so. If I was willing I might designate the time and place, and select the weapons.

What should I do? What I ought to do was very plain. The lesson of life which my fond mother had taught me did not leave me in doubt. I ought to have gone to Adams and made such offer of conciliation as one gentleman may honorably make to another; and if he had rejected that I could have simply turned from him and refused to do a further wrong to right the wrong already done. But I had not the courage to do that. I was a coward. I feared that my friends would laugh at me, and that the especial friends of Adams would point at me the finger of scorn.

So, in the cowardice of my heart, I thought I would be brave before the world; and I accepted the challenge.

"The sooner it is over, the better," remarked Watkins.

"Certainly," I responded. "Let it be on this very day; at sunset; on the river's bank, directly beneath the White Heart Ledge. I will send a friend to you to make the arrangements."

"And the weapons?" "Pistols."

And so it was fixed. An hour afterwards I found John Price, a young physician, who agreed to act as my second. He did not urge me to abandon the idea, nor did he enter upon the work as though he loved it; but he did it because he fancied that I was determined; and in case of accident his professional services might be of value.

I knew that Adams was a good shot, and he knew that I was the same, for we had practised much together; so there was no advantage to either party in the weapons.

After dinner Price came to me and told me that everything was arranged. Everything had been fixed as I had planned, and Adams and his second would be on the ground at the appointed time.

After Price had gone I sat down to write two letters. What a coward I was to write them! One was to my mother and the other to the gentle being who had promised to be my wife. As I sit now and think of that hour I shudder with horror—the hour when I wrote to my mother and to my betrothed. What was I about to do? To rob them of all earthly joy forever! And for what?—Aye—for what? Because I had not the courage to be a frank man; to obey God and the laws of my country! I was to bow before a wicked spirit—to offer my blood to fully and my hand to murder!

White Heart Ledge was a high, perpendicular wall of granite, rising above the river, the top crowned with dark spruce trees. It received its name from a peculiar mark, where a mass of white quartz appeared, half way up the ledge, to the form of a heart.

Late in the afternoon I was upon the sandy shore beneath the ledge; and almost at the same time Laban Adams made his appearance. We were both anxious to be thought brave men! He did not speak to me; nor did I speak to him. Our seconds conferred a while together, and then Price came to my side.

"Must this go on?" he asked. I told him I did not know how it could be stopped. I lied, for I did know. He informed me that if I would make the least overture of peace, he felt sure that Adams would accept it.

"I think," he said, "that Adams is sorry for what has happened. You struck him, and he cannot retract."

"And he called me a liar!" "I know he did; and I know that he did wrong. In fact there is wrong upon both sides. Offer him your hand, and I think he will take it without a word of explanation."

No. I would not do it. And yet, why would I not? I was afraid that men would say I was a coward! O, what a precious coward I was!

"You are both good shots," added Price; and if you fire together you may both fall.

But I dared not offer the hand of conciliation. I told him I was ready. He went back to Watkins, and pretty soon they measured off the ground—twelve paces. We were to stand, back to back, those twelve paces apart. We were to turn at the word *One*; we were to raise our pistols at the word *Two*; and at the word *Three* we were to fire. I caught the eye of Laban Adams as I took my position, and I was sure that no angry passion dwelt therein. For an instant the impulse was with me to throw down my pistol, and offer him my hand. But I was sure that he would not refuse me. But I had not the courage to do it. I would rather do the deep, damning wrong than do that simple, Christian act of love!

Our seconds hesitated, as though they saw what was passing in our thought; but we offered no word, and they proceeded. The word *One* was given. I cannot tell all the feelings that came crowding upon me at that moment. I stood, face to face with my brother, in a moment more we

were to offer our hands to the infernal stain! I thought of my mother, in her distant home; I thought of the scenes of my childhood, bright and promising; I thought of my college days, when Laban Adams had been my friend and chum; I thought of the holy love which had beamed upon me since I had grown to man's estate, and I thought that, in one short moment more, the black pall might cover it all!

Watkins was a long time in pronouncing the word *Two*. He evidently hoped that one of us would relent. But he hoped in vain.

Only a breath held back the last fatal word, but that word was never spoken. As we raised our pistols, a sharp, agonized cry, as if from a breaking heart, burst upon the air, and in another moment two light shadows flitted upon the scene. I was a prisoner. Our pistols lay undischarged, upon the sand.

Two gentle maidens, who loved us better than we loved ourselves, and whose love had led them to deep anxiety in our behalf, had guessed our secret. Love has sharp eyes. Clara Wolcott knew Laban's hot temper when under strong excitement, and she had feared something of this kind from the first. She had only to whisper her suspicions to Mary, and two sleepless sentinels were upon us.

Those two warm spirits, with their cries and their tears, melted the icy crust; and our hearts found the surface.

"O, in God's name, be enemies no more!" implored Clara.

"By the love you bear us—by the memory of all you hold dear on earth, and all you hope to meet in heaven, cast forth the demon from your heart!" prayed Mary.

In an instant I resolved to be a man. With the arms of my beloved still encircling me, I stretched forth my hand, but I was not in advance of Laban. As though one spirit had moved us, our hands met midway.

"I have been a fool!" said Laban.

"And I have been a fool and a coward!" said I. "I was a coward because I dared not do right."

"Aye," cried Laban, "we have both been cowards."

"And," I added, "had it not been for these blessed angels, we might have been something worse."

We returned from the dark ground just as the day was softening into twilight, and from that hour Laban Adams and myself were fast friends; and they who had saved us from the great crime, entered upon the life path with us, and have blessed us ever since.

AN EPISODE IN A RAILWAY CAR.—A short time since, a gay dashing appearing young fellow, with a military cap and with the air of a Lieutenant, got aboard the train at Mr. Morris for Avon. The peculiar appearance of this person, the clear and ruddy complexion, and the be-fizzled hair, at once excited curiosity and remark. A close inspection of the movements of the gay looking individual clearly showed that it was a young lady in disguise. When accused of being dressed in borrowed plumage, she confessed to the fact, and stated that she left her home in Olean on account of the ill treatment of her father. She gave her name as Gertrude Preston, and stated that she was eighteen years of age. She is reported to be quite intelligent, and possessed of more than ordinary beauty. She said this was her first experience away from home. She came up from Horncastle on the previous day, traveling alone from that place, dressed in masculine garb, as far as Nunda, from which place she proceeded on foot to Mr. Morris. Her destination was Buffalo via Avon. At the latter place she was taken into custody by Mr. Calvert, the Overseer of the Poor of that town, by whom she was provided with suitable clothing. She was very loth to be sent home, but will probably be returned to her father.—*Koch. Dem.*

WHISKY AND NEWSPAPERS.—A glass of whisky is manufactured from perhaps a dozen grains of corn, the value of which is too small to be estimated. A pint of this mixture sells for one shilling, and if of a good brand, is considered well worth the money. It is drunk in a wine or two—it fires the brain, sharpens the appetite, deranges and weakens the physical system. On the same sideboard upon which this pernicious beverage is served lies a newspaper. It is covered with half a million of types—it brings intelligence from the four quarters of the globe. The newspaper costs less than the glass of grog—the juice of a few grains of corn; but it is no less strange than true that there is a large portion of the community who think corn juice cheap and the newspaper dear.

INFERNAL REVENUE.—We guess Bragg's army didn't think itself well used in Kentucky. I found itself heartily taxed on its income.

The Slave Singing at Midnight.

Long he sang the psalm of David, He a negro and enslaved, Sang of Israel's victory, Sang of Zion, bright and free,

In that hour when night is calmest, Sang he from the Hebrew Psalms;— In a voice so sweet and clear That I could not choose but hear,—

Songs of triumph and aspirations, Such as reached the swart Egyptians, When upon the Red Sea coast, Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion Filled my soul with strange emotion; For its tones by turns were glad, Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison, Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen, And an earthquake's arm of might Broke their dungeon gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel Brings the slave the glad evangel? And what earthquake's arm of might Breaks his dungeon gates at night?

LITTLE-OR-NOTHINGS.

Trust not the man who promises with an oath. A hundred weight of error will not form one grain of truth.

Negligence is the rust of the soul, that corrodes her best resolutions. A verb is a word signifying to be, to do or to suffer. Woman's life is a verb.

It is beauty's privilege to kill time, and time's privilege to kill beauty. Overwarm friendships, like hot potatoes, are quickly dropped.

The charities of a good many rich people seem altogether indispensable. A man may be called poverty-stricken when knocked down by a beggar.

The less a writer knows of a subject, the more ink he uses in telling it. Don't undertake to kiss a furious woman; risk not a smack in a storm.

A man's money seldom grows more than half as fast as his love of it. The crow is a brave bird; he never shows the white feather.

"That's my business!" as the butcher said to the dog that was killing his sheep. Why is a dull and plausible man like an untried gun?—Because he is a smooth bore.

If your friend goes into a speculation, don't, because he happens to break, break with him. A widow, whose lands supply rich grazing for a thousand cattle, is an attractive grass widow.

The ancient Greeks buried their dead in jars. Hence the origin of the expression—"He's gone to pot." Some women paint their faces, and then weep because it doesn't make them beautiful. They raise a hue—and cry.

There is a tailor in Jersey rejoicing in the somewhat discouraging to customers name of Edward Runnit. Lord Bacon says that we should square our lives; but life is a circle, and the circle can't be squared.

A wise ruler is better than a race-horse; the latter makes good time, the former good times. Even as Nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns, so does she endow women with pins.

We are told to have hope and trust; but what's a poor fellow to do when he can no longer get any trust? The gorgeous trappings of the dead are but the outward dressings of the pride of weeping survivors.

It often happens to genius as to poverty; the plated articles takes the place of the real metal. People dishonest enough to repudiate all other debts, are always honest enough to pay a debt of revenge.

He that blows the cork in quarrels has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if a spark fly in his face. Poverty, bitter though it is in many respects, has no sharper pang than this, that it makes men ridiculous.

Nature confers that she has bestowed upon the human race heretofore the softest world, is that she has given us tears. Upon which no other comments in the following manner: "The art of packing a newspaper, and making it pay, and at the same time have to please every body, beats Adlai's higher than a kite."

"Can you tell me how the word 'season' is spelt?" was asked of a country boy by a quizzical fellow. "Certainly," said the Londoner, with a look of triumph, "that's a hee, and a hee, and a hee, and a hee, and a hee."

How He Got His Wife.—John W. was, or is a genius. He made quite a pile in the Mexican war, and invested it in a canal boat running on the Ohio Canal. John was a bachelor, but in course of time was smitten by the little god. An old farmer, who lived in the "heel" path, near Massillon, had two rhy-cheeked daughters, but all attempts to gain an introduction by their admirer, were foiled by the old man. But John was not discouraged. A large chunk of beef brought off the mast, and John proceeded to deliberately appropriate the various articles hanging on the clothes-line. Chemizets and stockings, breeches, skirts, and things, were crowded in inglorious confusion into the capacious bag carried by John on this occasion. They were brought aboard the boat and placed in the "box cabin," to pave the way for an introduction on the return trip.

A week after the boat passed the farm-house on its way north, and John jumped ashore, and went to the house. He represented that one of his drivers had stolen the clothing, and that he had discharged him, and desired to restore the articles. The young ladies were delighted, as the sack contained all their "Sunday fixings."

The old man said: "I always thought that all the boatmen would steal; and I am delighted to find one honest one. You must call again, captain."

The captain did call again, and soon after married the "youngest."

On the wedding night, he told his wife the reason he had used to gain an introduction, and the old man gave orders that no more clothing should be left "out of night."

They have some brave orators out West. This fact there is no disputing, if we admit that they are correctly reported, as the following specimen of lofty and burning eloquence will testify: "Americans!—This is a great country—wide, vast, and in the South-west colonized. Our public is yet destined to re-annex all South America; to occupy the Russian Possessions; and again to recover the possession of these British Provinces which the progress of the Old Thirteen Colonies won from the French on the plains of Abraham, all rightfully ours to re-occupy. Ours is a great and growing country—Faneuil Hall was its cradle, but where will he find lumber enough for its coffin? Sweep all the water out of the Atlantic Ocean, and its bed will not afford a grave sufficient for its corpse. And yet America has scarcely grown out of the grasp of boyhood. Europe—what is Europe? She is nowhere, nothing, not a circumstance, a cipher, an obsolete idea. We have faster steamboats, swifter locomotives, better fire engines, longer rivers, broader lakes, higher mountains, louder thunder, fiercer lightning, prettier women, braver men, and more woe than England dare have!"

The captain of a steamboat seeing an Irishman smoking away about the funnel, stepped up to him, and said: "Don't you see that smoke stack up there?" "If ye mean that bit o' painted tin?" "To be sure I do."

"Sure I say it." "Why don't you follow it?" "I haven't seen it move; it's rolled fast 'us considerin'."

"I mean haven't you read that notice?" "Divil a bit; shure and I don't know how to read."

"Well it says; No smoking allowed here."

"Be the powers! it don't corrects me a mite, thin; for I never smoked aboard in me life."

THE THANKFUL HEART.—If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would it draw to itself the most invisible particles by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart like my fingers in the sand, discovers no necessities; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so will it find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only the thankless God's sand is with it.

Some music teachers ever note that the "art of playing on a violin requires the most perceptivity, and the most sensibility of any art in the known world."

Upon which no other comments in the following manner: "The art of packing a newspaper, and making it pay, and at the same time have to please every body, beats Adlai's higher than a kite."

"Can you tell me how the word 'season' is spelt?" was asked of a country boy by a quizzical fellow. "Certainly," said the Londoner, with a look of triumph, "that's a hee, and a hee, and a hee, and a hee, and a hee."